## Always There Came Back to the Dog the Terror, the Panic, the Agony of That Mistreatment of Long Ago

puppy ever came into the there never was a straighter man world under more favorable auspices than Comet. He Devant smiled. "Thompson, I adwas descended from a famous crawling about over his brothers and Jim Thompson, Mr. Devant's kennel Comet and send him off."

Master, picked him out.

Just as no dog ever ca

"I believe that's the best 'un in the On the day the puppies opened their the mother by all but one. That was Comet. Even then he toddled tward the smiling man, in a groggy way,

At the age of one month he pointed a butterfly that lit in the kennel yard. "Come here, Janie," yelled the de-lighted Thompson, who saw it:" 'Pointed-the damn little cuss!"

wagging miniature tail.

When Jim started taking the growing pups out of the yard and into the fields to the side of Devant's great southern winter home, Oak Hill, it was Comet who trayed farthest from the man's protecting care. While at sight of a tree stump or a cow or some other monstrous object his brothers and sisters would scamper back to the man. Comet would venture toward it, provided it were not oo far, to see what it was. If a cow he would bark, anxious little yelps, to show how brave he was. Then he would turn and run back-but not until he had first barked.

Over and over Jim, speaking of him to his wife-they looked after Oak Hill in the summer-would say with

"He's goin' to make a great dog!" It looked as if Jim's prophecy would be fulfilled. Comet grew to be hand.

And exhe said "Heel!" to drop when he said reled with his brothers, who grew yard. fealous of him, and sometimes the two minutes afterward.

is bones were shapely, and the mus- own kennel. cles began to stand out on his lank. handsome body. At six months he was a stripling youth, two-thirds pup. ferent. Sometimes he lay in the shade a long time and thoughtfully wondering. gazed into the distance, dreaming as serious-minded youths dream the world over. But all Comet's dreams where birds lay hid and in the thrillings his nose told him there.

At six months he set his first cover bling with the excited joy of one who knows he has found his life's work, still he remained staunch several ninutes. And, though when the birds flushed he chased them, he came

muscle, intelligence, spirit-pointed and rode off to train them. to a great dog. Yes-Comet was one of the favored of the gods.

goings-on. Then out of the house, with Thompson, came a big man in tweeds, and looked at each other curiously. the two walked straight to the curithem with shining eyes and wagging

"Well Thompson," said the big man. been writing me about?"

"Larsen's the man to bring him A mile or two down the road Larser bles. I like his methods."

he disliked to bring the matter up. long time ago Larsen sued us for old sen, saying the gog was his by mistake.

Yes, Thompson, I remember-now you speak of it."

Well, you remember the court dethe Sultan of Turkey. But, Mr. Devant, I was there. I saw Larsen's face, sir, when the case went against

Devant looked keenly at Thompson "Another thing, Mr. Devant," Thompson went on, still hesitatingly. Larsen had a chance to get hold of this breed of pointers. He lost out because he dickered too long and actthing like that, sir. Larsen's been talking these pointers down ever own breed of dogs. Calls 'em the

Go on." said Devant.

'I know Larsen's a good trainer. Throw Larsen's 2 good trainer. Ther of his being intent on the hunt.

But it'll mean a long trip for the Larsen, from his horse, watched with big house, their minds were full of the events of the season—de luxe. touch with him, too. Now there's an Suddenly to the young dog's nose hunting parties, more society events EVERY night after that Swygert old trainer lives near here, old Wade came the smell, strong, pungent, com-Swygert. Used to train dogs in Eng- pelling, of game birds. He stiffened woods by uniformed butlers; launch land. He's been out of the game a into an earnest, beautiful point, Here- rides up the river; arriving and detong time-rheumatism. He wants to tofore, in the little training he had parting guests. Only one of them tree in the yard, then came out with the property of Miss Marian Devant. other. I knew this could be explained the opposite phenomenon has not the property of Miss Marian Devant. know he never made a big name, but behind him, flushed the birds and a thought. Marian Devant visited he shot it. Comet tried to break the

mire your loyalty to your friends, but line of pointers. Both his father and I don't think much of your judgment. mother were champions. Before he We'll turn some of the other puppies opened his eyes and while he was over to Swygert if he wants them, but Comet must have the best. I'll write sisters, blind as pupples are at birth. Larsen tonight. Tomorrow crate

Just as no dog ever came into the world under more favorable auspices so no dog ever had a bigger "send off" than Comet. Even the ladies in the eyes and first gazed with wonder at this world into which they had been and Marian Devant, pretty, eighteen and a sportswoman, stooped down, his fingers. There was a general caught his head between her hands. scampering back to the protection of the methods. ing room men laughingly drank toast to his future, and from the highcolumned front porch Marian Devant waved him good-bye as he was driven off to the station, a bewildered young dog in a padded crate.

Two days and two nights he traveled. At noon of the third, at a dreary railroad station, in a vast prairie country, he was lifted, crate and all, off the train. A man, tall, lean, pale-eyed, came down the platform toward him.

said the station agent. "Yes," drawled Larsen in a meditative, sanctimonious voice. "Pretty to the eve, but he looks scared-er-

"Some beauty here, Mr. Larsen."

"Of course he's scared," protested the agent. "So would you be if I was to put you in some kind of whale of a balloon and ship you off to Mars.'

The station agent poked his through the slats and stroked the ful, for everything was strange. He trip-but his heart had pounded fast and he had been homesick and be-

And everything continued to be strange: the treeless country through When Jim taught them to follow when which he was driven, a country of vast swells, like a motionless sea; the "Drop!" and to stand stock still when bald house, the group of red barns, he said "Ho!" Comet learned more where he was lifted out and the crate quickly than the others. In every-door opened; the dogs, setters and thing he was favored, even in tempointers, who crowded about him thing he was favored, even in tem-perament. Now and then he quar-when he was turned into the kenne

They eyed him with enmity, these quarrel ended in a fight. But the dogs; they walked round and round fight over, he never sulked even if he him with stiffened tails, but he stood were beaten, but was a loving brother his ground staunchly for a youngster, returning fierce look for fierce look, son had done—except that in Larsen's head between her hands. But his ed light, growl for growl, until Larsen called hand was the gun. eyes did not meet hers, for in his After that, frequently the old man His height he gained quickly, like growl for growl, until Larsen called hand was the gun. His height he gained quickly, like growl for growl, until carsen cancer hand was the gun.

That night Comet lay before the dim way he knew he was not now shot a bird in his sight, loading the fire and looked straight into the eyes

to the practiced eye that he was dif- nity into his box. There he lay, pant-

"One of George Devant's pointers," drawled Larsen to his assistant. Pretty to look at, but-er-timid about the eyes. I never did think much of that breed."

of the gate, announcing Larsen's entrance, he sprang to his noticed no nervousness in the dog, feet and stared hungrily at the man that he was intent only on getting for the light he was accustomed to see in human eyes. But with just a Everything - size, contour, nose, one or more of the other dogs loose

he was not without friends of his own shattering the nerves. Comet turned. One day after the leaves had turned kind. He alone was chained up, and One more glance backward at a face. red and brown, and the mornings now and then another young dog pale, exultant. Then the puppy in him grown chilly and pungent, a crowd of strolled his way with wagging tail conquered. Tail tucked, he ran away people, strangers to Comet, came to and lay down nearby, in that strange from that blasting noise. the big house at Oak Hill. With them bond of sympathy which is not con- There is this in fear, that once man were automobiles, trunks, horses. All fined to man. At these times Comet's or dog turns, fear increases. Witness this was tremendously exciting, and spirit returned; he would want to en wire of their yard. Comet and his Sometimes he picked up a stick, shook Faster and faster from that terror brothers and sisters watched these it, and his partner caught the other that seemed following him Comet end. So they tugged and growled in sped. Miles and miles he ran. Now

ous young dogs, who were watching Larsen, Comet would have gotten over He was like an overgrown boy off at the yard. With the cry, "Mad dog!" college, or in some foreign city, sensi- one ran into, the house for a gun which is the future champion you've tive, not sure of himself or his place the order of things. Had Larsen "Pick him out yourself, sir," said gained his confidence it would all must only have had a fit. And under have been different. And as for Larsen, he knew that perfectly well. One brisk, sunny afternoon Larsen

THEY talked a long time, planning entered the yard, came straight to the future of Comet. His yard him and turned him loose. So great training was over-Thompson was was his joy at freedom that he did no only yard trainer-and he must be see the shrewd light in the man's sent to a man experienced in training eyes. In the exuberance of his spirit and handling for field trials. His he ran round and round the yard, grade-school days were past. He barking into the faces of his friends must go off to college. He must be Larsen let him out of the yard, mount. prepared for the thrilling life of the ed his horse and commanded him to heel. He obeyed with wagging tail.

out," said the big man in tweeds, who turned into the fields. Across his sadwas George Devant himself. "I saw die was something the young pointer his dogs work in the Canadian der- had had no experience with-a gun That part of his education Thompson Thompson spoke hesitatingly, as if had neglected, or at least postponed, for he had not expected that Come Mr. Devant, you remember, sir, a would be sent away so soon. That was where Thompson had made a

At the command "Hie on!" the young pointer ran eagerly around the never been more astonished in his horse, looking up into the man's face life, though, to tell the truth, he had to be sure he had heard aright. Somecided against him, which was the only thing he saw there made him momenthing it could do. for Larsen didn't tarily droop his ears' and tail. Again have any more right to that dog than there came over him the feeling of the Sultan of Turkey. But, Mr. Destangeness, of homesickness, mingled this time with dismay. Larsen's eyes heels, would have seen a shrewd smile were slits of blue glass. His mouth on his face. vas set in a thin line.

Had Comet seen a different expres sion, had he received a single word of pelled from college, not for some encouragement, there would have been no calamity that day. If he had yellow. And he knew he was disstood the shock his nerves were about big man Devant, who looked at him ed cheesy. Now they've turned out to to receive. But he did not trust this he famous. Some men never forget a pale man with the strange eyes and happy puppyhood, then turned away

since. At least that's what folks tell galloped swiftly, boldly into the field. me. He's staked his reputation on his Once he turned for direction and Larsen waved him on. Round and round the extensive field he circled, forgetting any feeling of strangeness, every dog is hopeless." fiber of his being intent on the hunt



generation ago makes a loud explo- what he had been. He wagged his tail, eager for sion. It sounds like a cannon comfriendship, as the man stooped to do pared with the modern smokeless side!" she so. He pushed his nose against the powder used for almost a generation Thompson. one-third grown dog. Though he still man's knee, but, receiving no word of romped with the others, it was plain encouragement, he crawled with digmerely accident that had caused Larhim with a gun, Miss Marian. Just One afternoon Marian Devant, a like sporting papers, was astoncomet and pointed. Larsen's dogs to her. "I heard it! I sen before he left the house to load showed it to him. He ran into his woung man with her, rode over on ished to see that among promising always obeyed, quickly, mechanical- known! I might 'a' known!" ing with the strangeness of it all and his pump gun with black-powder kennel."

> As for Comet, he only knew that the birds rose with a whirr, and that then, above his head, burst an awful roar, to others and himself even, that he several birds for breakfast.

glance at him, Larsen always turned one or more of the other dogs loose and rode off to train them.

This he could not understand. Yet

was still half puppy, ences when the cry of fire is mock ferocity, and then lay down and and then, stumbling over briars, he yelped. His tall was tucked, his eyes Had any attention been paid him by crazy with fear. Seeing a farmhouse he made for that. It was noon hour, his homesickness. He was no milksop, and a group of men loitered about When he came out the others told him that the dog was under the porch, and the porch, in fact, was Comet. Pressed against the wall in the comparative darkness, the magnificent pointer with the quivering soul waited, panting. eyes gleaming, horror still ringing in

Here Larsen found him that afternoon. A boy crawled underneath and dragged him forth. He who had started life favored of the gods, who that morning had been full of high spirit and pride, who had circled his first field like a champion, was a shrinking, cringing creature. like a homeless

The men laughed at the spectacle dog is in his terror, a sight for mirth Perhaps he is. Certainly he is as much so as a dog with a can tied to will be funny to any human soul.

As for Larsen, he kept repeating in As for Larsen, he kept repeating in sanctimonious tones that he had give him away," he said to Thompson. was waterboy for a railread game in a rai never thought much of this breed of pointers. He was very sorry, he said. very sorry. But any one peering at him from the bushes as he rode home, a dog with tucked tail at his horse'

And thus it happened that Comet came home in disgrace-a coward exyouthful prank, but because he was graced. He saw it in the face of the in the yard where he had spent his At a secned command, though, he in the face of Jim Thompson.

In the house was a long, plausible letter, explaining how it happened. "I did everything I could. I never wa as much surprised in my life. The

As for the other inhabitants of the

made him drop. And now Larsen, hav- him in his disgrace. She stooped be- rope. All his panic had returned, but ing quickly dismounted and tied his fore him as she had done on that the report had not shattered him as horse, hurried toward him as Thomp- other and happier day and caught his that other did, for the gun was load- dripping dog in his arms,

Thompson shook his head. "I tried the terror remained in his heart.

will run again." But at the sight of her small gun I'm getting anywhere or not."
it all came back. Again he seemed to "I don't believe he's yellow.

"I don't believe he's vellow-in- time, after the shot, coming to him. side!" she declared and looked at showing him the bird, and speaking to him kindly, gently. But for all that him with a gun, Miss Marian. Just One afternoon Marian Devant, a Nhis sporting papers, was aston-

was a pointer named Comet. He is way of turn-"I don't know," he said "whether



him as they had looked, nor life be sweet to him as it had been.

Then came to Oak Hill an old man many seas, had fought in a dozen man who has seen much, wars and had settled at last on a That night Mrs. Swyge life full of adventure and odd jobs It wasn't worth the time and worry. Certainly he is as he had trained dogs and horses. His The dog was just yellow. face was lined, his hair white, his his tail. But some day neither sight eyes piercing, blue and kind. Wade Swygert was his name.

> Give him away-who had been championship hope! looked into the visitor's face shrewd-

> ly, appraisingly.
> "Can you cure him?" she demanded. "I doubt it," was the sturdy answer. "You will try?"

> "Then you can have him. And if there's any expense-

"Come, Comet," said the old man. That night, in a neat, humble house, Comet ate supper placed before him Comet ate supper placed before him by a stout old woman, who had followed this old man to the ends of the lowed this old man to the ends of the lowed the stout old woman to the ends of the lowed the stout old woman to the ends of the lower toward the gun gave a twinge like that of a bad ing and we had reached the very their fire. Next day he followed the man all about the place. Several fasted, and the next, until he was steady and remained stanch. days and nights passed this way, then, gaunt and famished. Then, on the while he lay before the fire, old afternoon of the third day, Mrs. Swy-Swygert came in with a gun. At gert, at her husband's direction, sight of it Comet sprang to his feet. placed before him, within reach of his seemed to him as if in another and

day the man fastened the dog to a

crawled under the bed.

"That would be running away said the girl.

That night Mrs. Swygert told him

Swygert pondered a long time "there came up a terrible thunder-

was waterboy for a railroad gang, glanced around at the "field," or and the storm drove us in a shack, spectators. Among them was a Now this same giant spectre of While lightnin was hittin all around, handsome young woman and with Nourselves, under more favorable Marian Devant hurried out. She one of the grown men told me it always picked out boys with red hair. ignorant. For years I was skeered ol lightnin'. I never have quite got gun-shy dog, always a gun-shy dogover it. But no man ever said I was that was his experience. yellow. Again he was silent for a while.

that. I'm lettin' him run away as Next day Comet was tied up and of the old man, his god, he grew chain, some raw beefsteak. As he an evil world he had seen that face. sparkling gold-dust. Then, all at once, or in the opposite direction." Many the doors were closed. Finally, he started for it, Swygert shot. He drew His heart began to pound fast and back, panting, then, hunger getting his tall drooped for a moment. Withthe better of him, started again. in an hour it was all to come back Again Swygert shot.

After that for days Comet "ate to agony of that far-away time under the bed no more. Finally, one music," as Swygert expressed it.

arm and the dog following, went On the shelving bank Swygert

the middle of the pond with the com-mand to "fetch." Comet sprang eagerly in and retrieved it. Twice this was repeated. But the third time, as the dog approached the shore, Swygert picked up the gun and Quickly the dog dropped the stick

then turned and swam toward the

the banks, he could not get a foothold. He turned once more and struck out diagonally across the pond. Swygert met him and fired. Over and over it happened. Each time, after he fired, the old man stooped down with extended hand and begged him to come on. His face was grim, and though the day was cool, sweat stood out on his brow. "You'll face the music," he said, "or you'll drown. Better be dead than

called yellow." lead was barely above water. His efforts to clamber up the opposite bank were feeble, frantic. Vet, each time as he drew near the shore Swygert fired.

He was not using light loads now. He was using the regular load of the bird hunter. Time had passed for temporizing. The sweat was standwas the sternness of a man who is suffering.

A dog can swim for a long time The sun dropped over the trees. Still the firing went on, regularly, like a minute gun.

Just before the sun set an ex hausted dog staggered toward an old man, almost as exhausted as he. The dog had been too near death and was too faint to care for the gun that was being fired over his head. On and on he came, toward the man, disregarding the noise of the gun. It would not hurt him, that he knew a last. He might have many enemies. but the gun, in the hands of this man, Swygert sank down and took the "Old boy," he said, "old boy

gun more and more heavily, and each of a man, as he used to took in the stand." old days.

> YEXT season, Larson, glancing over would have thought it some other dog ing them into finished field-trial than the one who had disappointed dogs.

Comet, handled by Swygert, had won first place in a western trial, and was prominently spoken of as a national championship possibility. As for him, he had no young entries to offer, but was staking everything on the national championship, where he was to enter Larsen's Peerless 11. It was strange how things fell outbut things have a habit of turning out strangely in field trials, as well

Breton Junction, where the national A cal America that Venus (that as elsewhere. When Larson reached know, was a seasoned young pointer. with a white body, a prown head, and away the aureole." a brown saddle spot-the same pointer he had seen two years before turn tail and run in that terror a dog never quite overcomes. But the strangest thing of all hap-

pened that night at the drawing when, according to the slips taken at random from a hat, it was declared that on the following Wednesday Comet, the pointer, was to run with It gave Larsen a strange thrill, this

nnouncement He left the meeting and went straightway to his room. There for a long time he sat pondering. Next day at a hardware store he bought

ome black powder and some shells. The race was to be run next day and that night in his room he loaded half a dozen shells. It would have been a study in faces to watch him as he bent over his work, on his lip smile. Into the shells he packed Swygert looked at her keenly, on all the powder they could stand, all to see Thompson. He had been on his face the approbation of an old the powder his trusted gun could stand without hursting It was load big enough to kill a bear-to he made. To many people a gun-shy truck farm nearby. Somewhere in a she thought he had better give up. bring down a buffalo. It was a load that would echo and re-echo in the

> On the morning that Largen walk-"When I was a kid," he said at last, ed out in front of the judges and the "there came up a terrible thunder-field, Peerless II at the leash, old Swygert with Comet at his side, he ant. He could not help chuckling inside himself as he thought of what Blanc and the Jungfrau of the Alps

veteran. Long ago fear of the gun There were still times when at port above his head he still trembled He said: tooth. But always at the quiet voice

within him today as he glanced at

He looked up at old Swygert, who

small pond, and on one side the banks nothing, being a dog. Old Swygert, is made as to the size of the shotgun are perpendicular. Toward this pond having cured him, could not meet the to be used. Usually, however, smallthe old man, with the gun under his expenses of taking him to field trials. gauge guns are carried. The one in Here in the silence of the woods, with assistance, an assistance which he and consequently large, just the two of them together, was to had accepted only under condition. All morning he had

> judges asked. "Ready," said Larsen and old Swy-

And Comet and Peerless II were speeding away across that field, and and rammed into the barrels. behind them came handlers and about, and for a reason, for strange glimpsed a face, and trembled. Bu things happened that day. At first only for a moment. Then he steadled, there was nothing unusual. It was head high, tail straight out. The like any other field trial. Comet birds rose with a whirr—and then other shore. Here, so precipitous were found birds and Swygert, his handler,

> Swygert, riding hard and looking for because of a sudden wave of revenge him, went out of sight over a hill. or of a determination to make sure of But Comet had not gone far. As a the dog's flight, Larsen had pulled matter of fact, he was near by, hid-both triggers at once. The combined den in some high straw, pointing a report shattered through the dog's tators spied him and called the nerves, he sank in agony into the judges attention to him. Everybody, straw. including Larsen, rode up to him, but still Swygert had not come back. upon him, and he sprang to his feet. They called him, but the old man was a little deaf. Some of the men a considerable distance away. Mean-

ing all over his face. The sternness face is would have seen the exuihim, it calmed him, and he turned tation there, for now his chance had come-the very chance he had been ooking for. It's a courtesy one handler sometimes extends another who is absent from the spot to go in

while here was his dog, pointed.

and flush his dog's birds. "I'll handle this covey for Mr. Swygert," said Larsen to the judges, his face a smile.

And thus it happened that Comet judges. Yet one of the judges had faced his supreme ordeal without the himself wheeled his horse about and steadying voice of his god. He only was galloping off, and Marian Devant knew that ahead of him were birds and that behind him a man was coming through the straw, and that behind the was riding toward the bewildered dog.

He stood stanch where he was, though behind the man a crowd of people on in his ears was still a throbbing but the gun, in the hands of this man. horseback were watching him. He pain, and though all about him was not one of them. Suddenly old had become used to that, but when, this growing confusion he could not Swygert sank down and took the out of the corner of his eye, he saw understand. The man he feared was the face of the advancing man, his running across the field yonder, in the soul began to tremble.

"Call your dog in, Mr. Larsen," di- | blowing his whistle as he rected the judge. "Make him back- Through the crowd, his face terrible

Only a moment was lost while Both the old man and the girl had Peerloss, a young dog himself, came dismounted now and were running to-running in and, at a command from ward him. Larsen, stopped in his tracks behind They obeyed because they denly checked himself and looked afraid not to.

birds rise. This is done in order to test the dog's steadiness when a gun "Peerless has run away!" is fired over him. No specification (Copyright, All Rights Reserved.)

The girl had come to the old man's Larsen's hands was a twelve-gauge,

BY SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Who Writes Sympathetically of

the Life of a Pointer

All morning he had been using it that the dog should be entered as over his own dog. Nobody had paid hers, with himself as handler.

any attention to it, because he shot "Are you ready, gentlemen?" the smokeless powder. But now, as he advanced, he reached into the lefthand pocket of his hunting coat, where six shells rattled as he hur

ried along. Two of these he took out

As for Comet, still standing rigid, udges and spectators, all mounted. statuesque, he heard, as has been said It was a race people still talk the brush of steps through the straw, was repeated that horror of his youth. flushed them and shot. And so for Above his ears, ears that would al-an hour it went. ways be tender, broke a great roar an hour it went.

Then Comet disappeared and old Either because of his excitement, or ovey of birds. One of the spec- ear drums, it shivered through his straw.

and looked about wildly. But from / somewhere in that crowd behind him rode to the top of the hill, but could came to his tingling cars a voice-not see him. In his zeal he had got clear, ringing, deep, the voice of a woman-a woman he knew-pleading as his master used to plead, calling on him not to run but to stand. "Steady," it said. "Steady, Comet

It called him to himself, it soothed

and looked toward the crowd. With the roar of the shotgun the usua order observed in field trials was broken up. All rules seemed to have been suspended. Ordinarily, no one belonging to "the field" is allowed to spect." said Larsen to the judges, his speak to a dog. Yet the girl had spoken to him. Ordinarily, the spectators must remain in the rear of the direction taken by the judge. He was

> "I heard," old Swygert was sayin "I heard it! I might a

to see, his own master was coming.

"He stood," she panted, "like a rock -oh, the brave, beautiful thing! "Where is that-" Swygert sud-

According to the rules the man han-dling the dog has to shoot as the birds rise. This is done to "He's gone after his dog," he said.

## DO WE ALL HAVE HALOS AROUND OUR HEADS?

Humboldt discovered in troplis, the planet) wears a halo.

Saints and angels among all peohalos round their heads, and it was

a shakedown in the rude inn at the theory. was explained to them, was only each one's own giant shadow projected on the In 1893 Dr. Baraduc thought that clouds at sunrise or sunset. Usually he had discovered an emission of the torists trooped down "sulky and he succeeded in photopraphing them grim." When the spectre was seen he found differences which he dis there was a sort of rainbow wheel tinguished as "electric, vital and payround its head and the happy tourist, chic rays." In 1913 Prof. Blond I wear around with me?"

Mauritius. (This is in the Indian Some disturbing memory did start big silver cloud rolled round us and fication of the statement found in above us when suddenly the sun the man with the other dog. It jumped up from behind the next peak. We saw ourselves in a shower of in an hour it was all to come back bigger than life—and when I moved the discharges were from cloud to to him—the terror, the panic, the it made all my motions of head and cloud or from the clouds to the earth. pahions and they called out that flashes leaving a cloud for the earth

PARIS, February 1. [ something which I could not alto CENTURY and a quarter ago gether undrestand. championship was to be run, there
on the street, straining at the leash
held by old Swygert, whom he used to
plous New York girl might have worn
plous New York girl might hav

one, only "the Easter bonnet hid No one has set explained it satisan optical illusion whose mechanism ples have been portrayed with such is not yet well understood." commonly thought that the first head only-is not the same phenomartists were inspired by some one who enon as the well defined border of had actually seen them. Now men luminous rays which marks out the science are coming to think that entire human form when projected on all of us-saints and sinners-go the clouds of the Brocken. Optical about all the time with this radiance theory has explained that more or round our heads, and some think they less satisfactorily. It is not the same

wait for the right hour. chance of seeing the spectre. This, it recalled certain scientific discoveries the conditions were not favorable and rays from the human body and, when asked-without getting any answer- lot and Charpenties of Nancy thought 'Is that, to, a shadow of something they had discovered in Crookes' tube:

conditions, has been observed in many other parts of the world-on Mont would happen that day, for once a and, in America on the Sierra Nevada and the Mexican Cordilleras. The best place of all is the tropical islands As for Comet, he faced the straw- cast of Madagascar. A Frenchman fields eagerly, confidently, already a who observes closely has just connected the halo round the spectre's Then he went on: "I don't seem to had left him, for the most part, head with certain unknown N-rays which science is still investigating.

top of Mount Pouce in the island of the property of Miss Merian Devant, other, I knew this could be explained. The opposite Net far from Swygert's house is a Of the arrangements he could know, by the laws of light—but then I saw been observed.

"R OUND my head—and not round the rest of my body—there was factorily, some saying this halo is

This halo round the head-and the have found it in scientific observa- for the halo or aureole like a rain tions. This also explains certain ap- bow forming a complete circle round paritions which any one can see if the head alone. Swedenborg mainhe will travel to the right places and tained that every human being projects from himself an "aura" The first place, but not the best, is personality and spiritual activity and the famous Brocken, with its spectre. Balzac worked out this theory in a Before the war tourists used to hire novel. Spiritualists hold to a like Our Frenchman looking a ton of this mountain, which is the the yard-wide glory round his head highest in central Germany, on the in the apparitions on Mount Pouce

> rays which were distinguished from the X-rays of Roentgen by their refraction. These rays, they found, are of the human body.

not disproved and they have been ment and practical application of other less elusive rays. The French man looking at the luminous circle asks-"Is it not a result of N-rays, interfering with the light on the STERLING HEILIG.

## Way of Lightning.

has been pointed out in some scientific quarters that the now cean and belongs to England.) A known facts seem to require a modisome text books that "it is impossible to say whether a flash of light ning moves from a cloud to the earth on the cloud twenty yards away from observations of lightning made in me, I saw a human form immensely South Africa show that in all cases cloak and the cane in my hand. I Quite frequently, it is said, the South could not see the forms of my com- Africans have observed lightning